

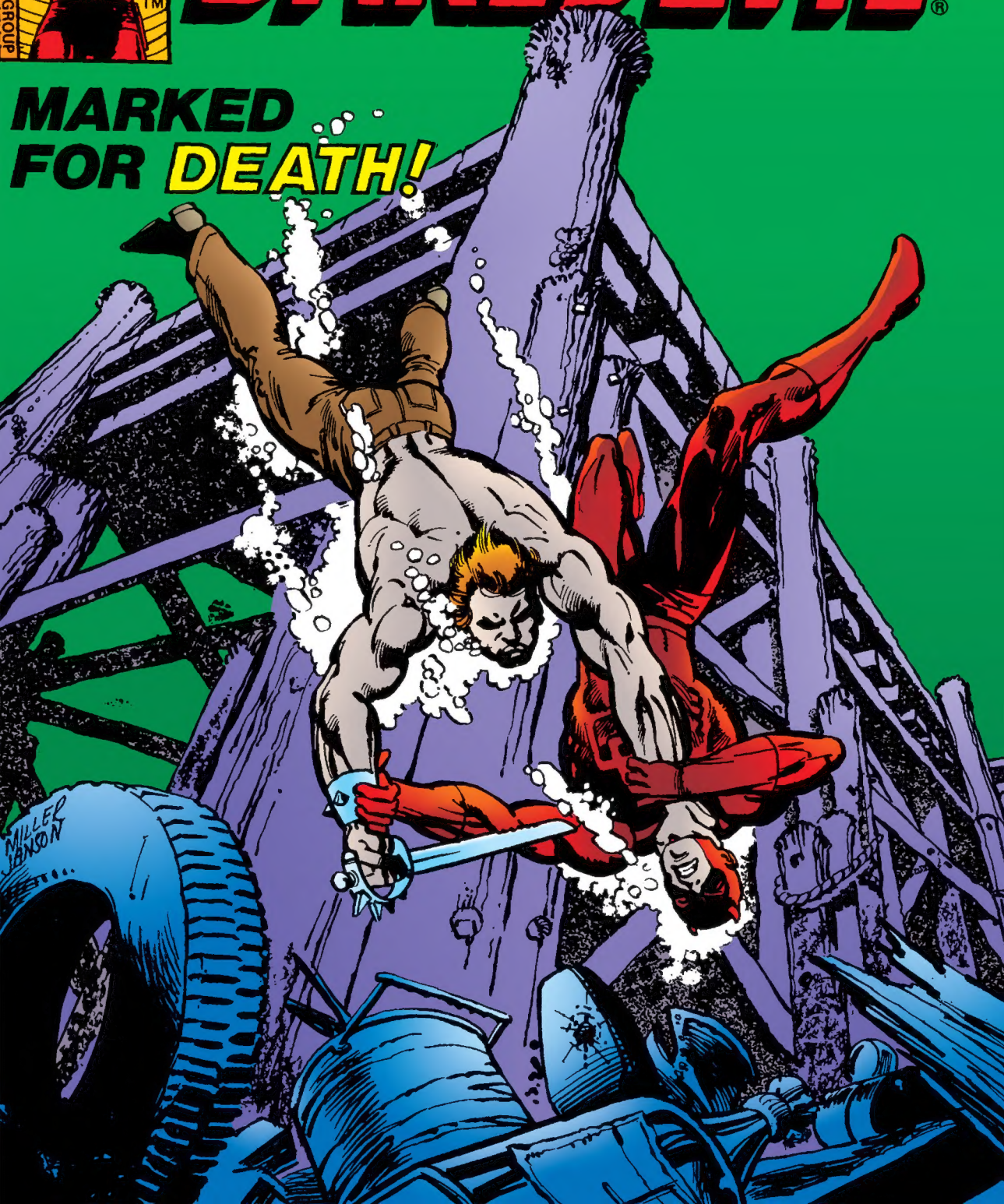
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MARVEL® COMICS GROUP



DAREDEVIL®

MARKED
FOR **DEATH!**

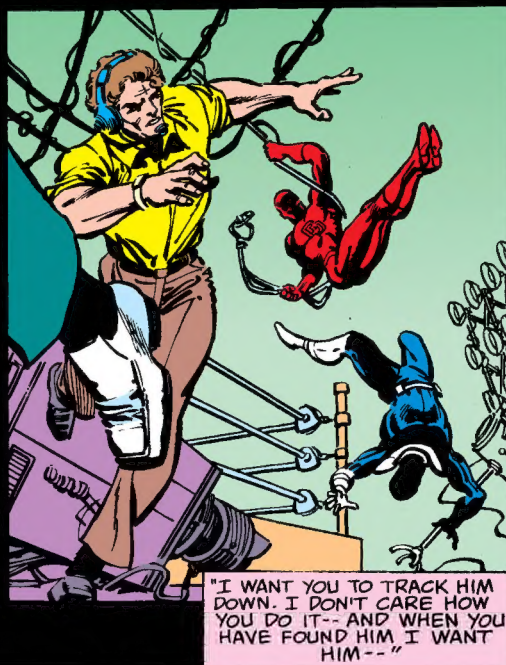
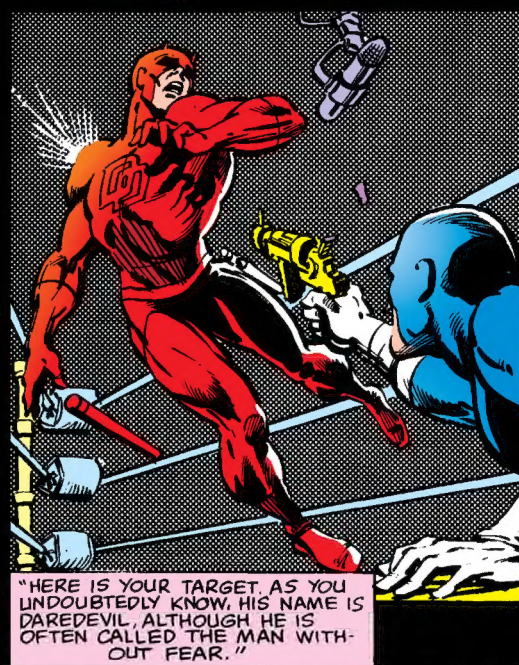
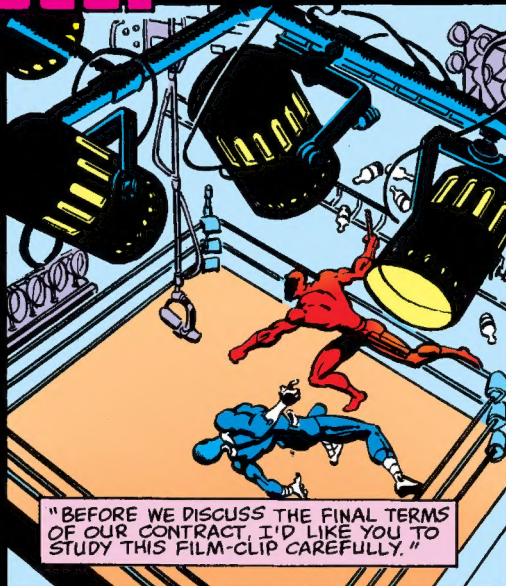


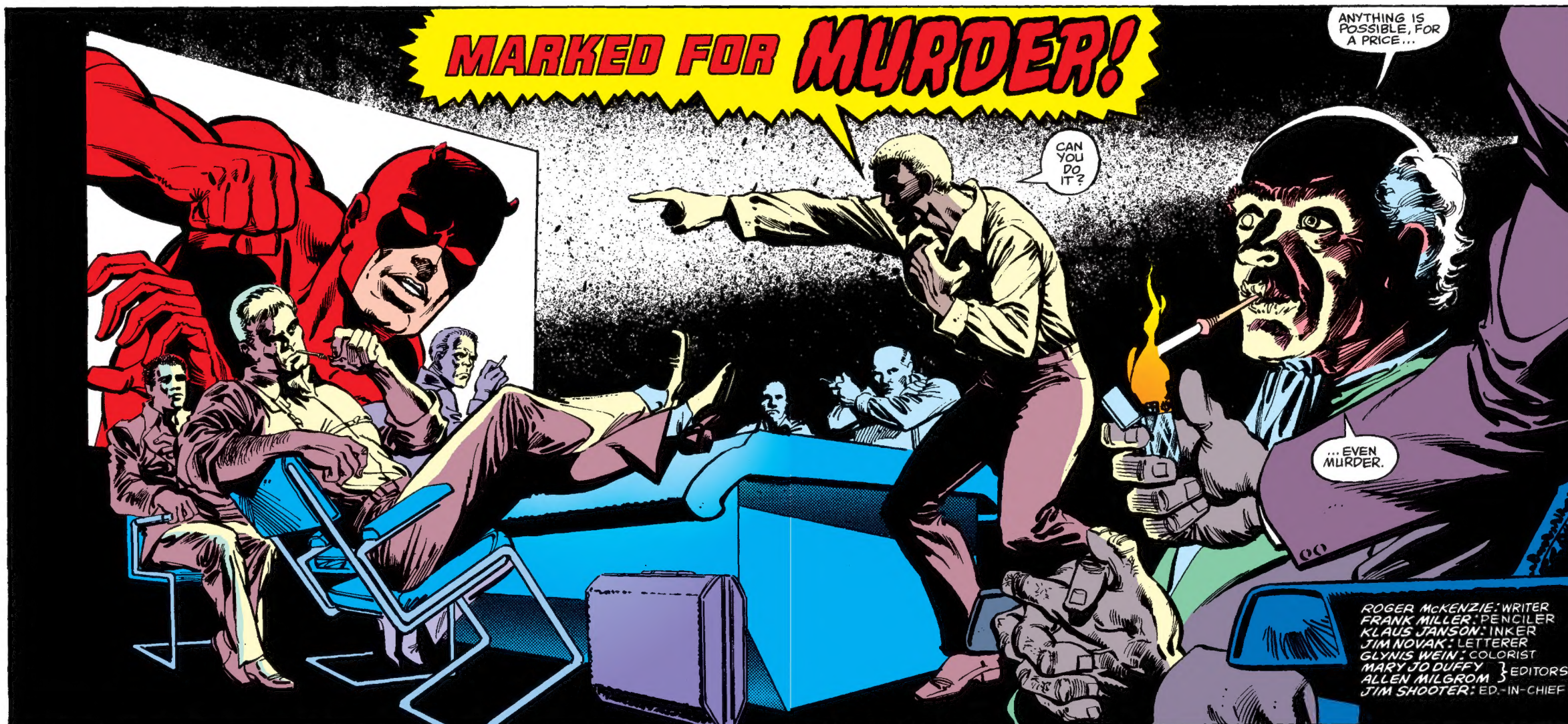
MILLER
JANSON

He dwells in eternal night—but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!**®

PROLOGUE--

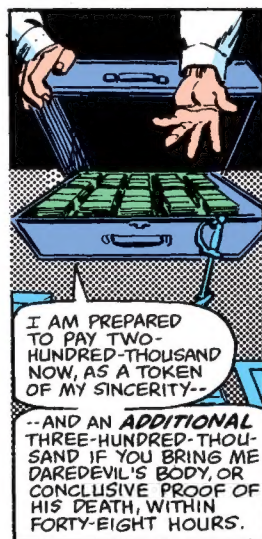




ROGER MCKENZIE: WRITER
FRANK MILLER: PENCILER
KLAUS JANSON: INKER
JIM NOVAK: LETTERER
GLYNIS WEIN: COLORIST
MARY JO DUFFY } EDITORS
ALLEN MILGROM }
JIM SHOOTER: ED.-IN-CHIEF

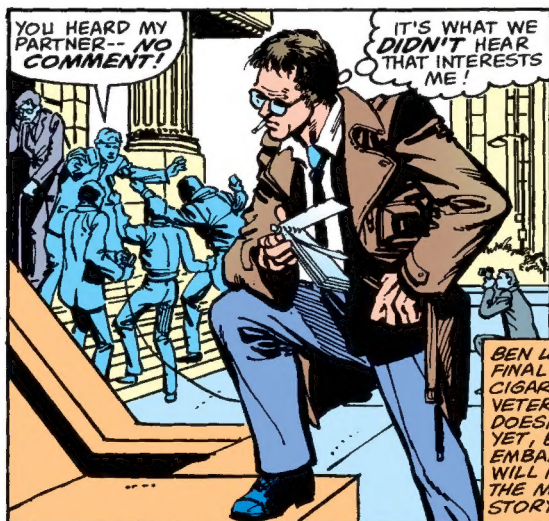
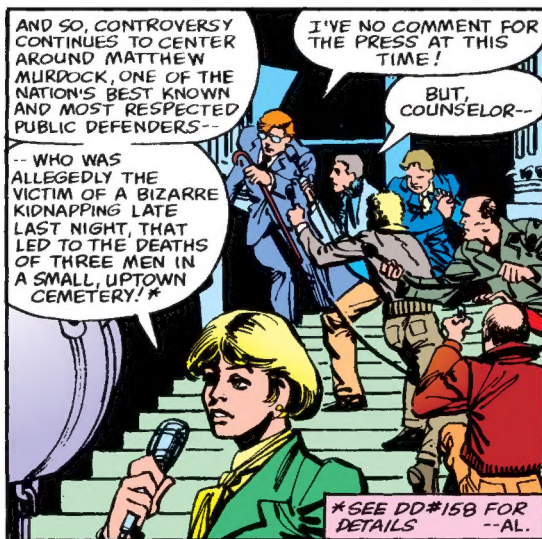
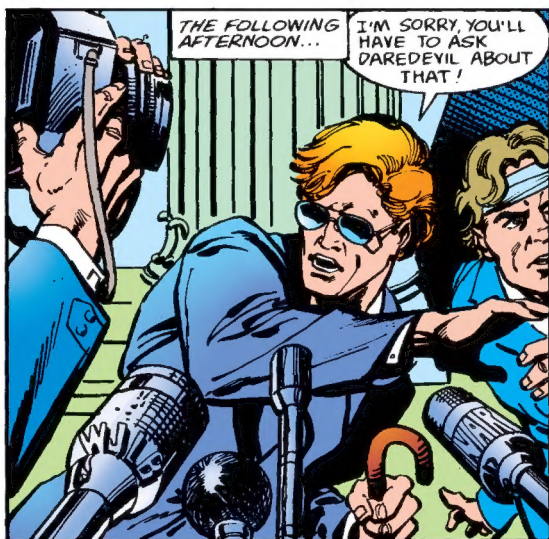


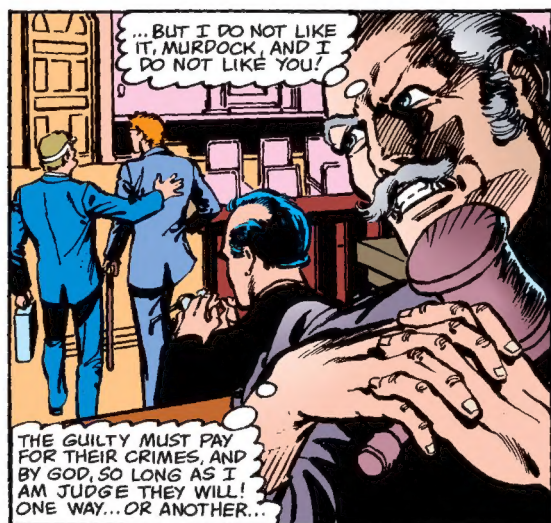
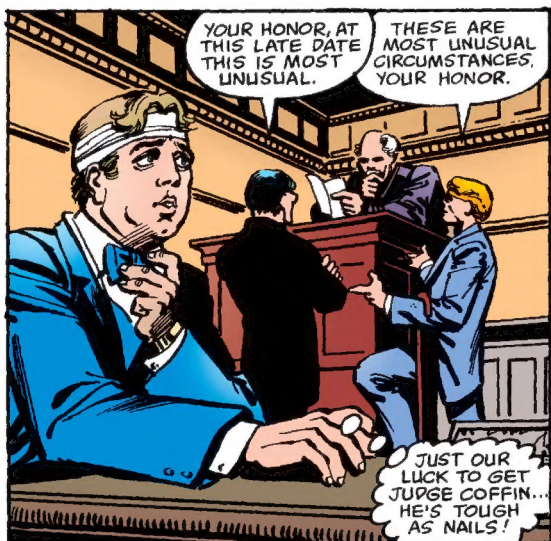
THAT'S WHY YOU ARE HERE. I WANT THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY.

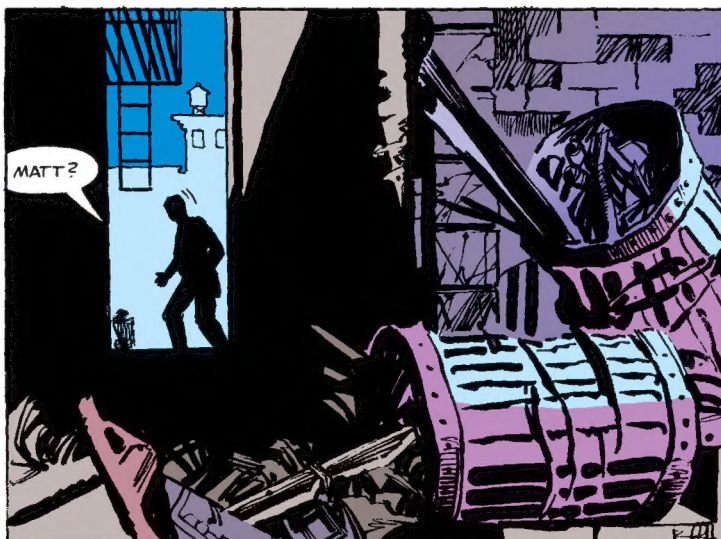
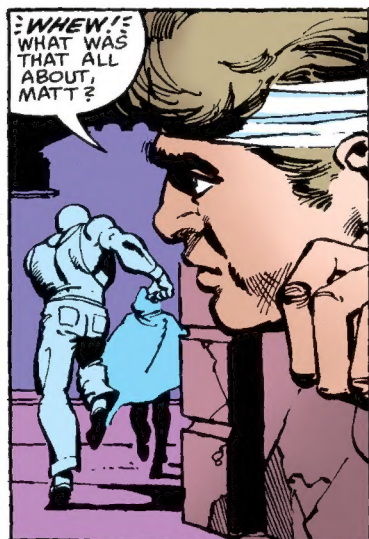
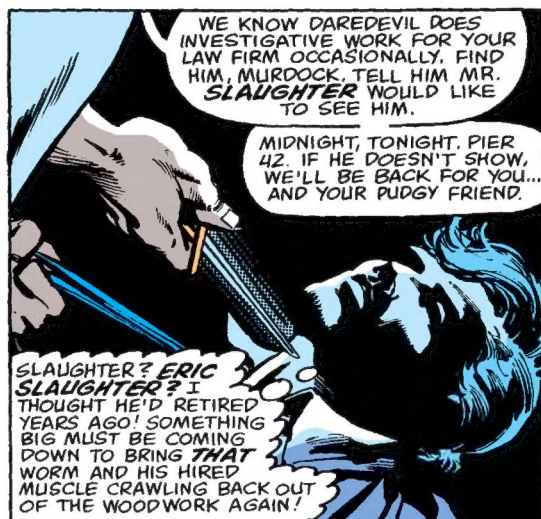
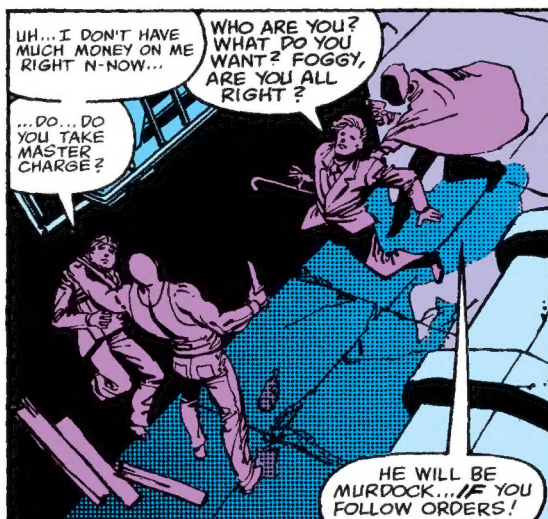
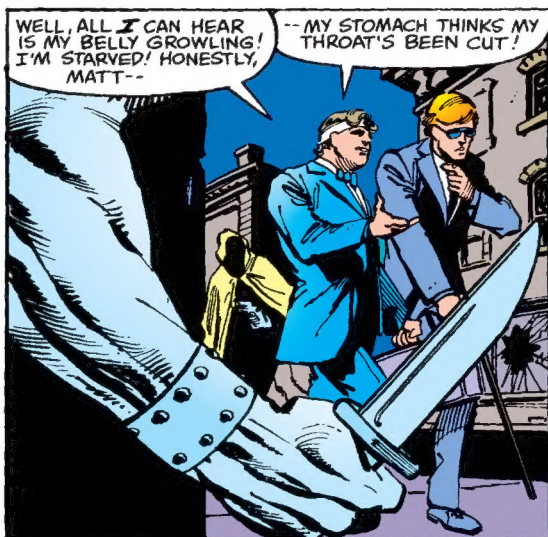


--AND AN ADDITIONAL THREE-HUNDRED-THOUSAND IF YOU BRING ME DAREDEVIL'S BODY, OR CONCLUSIVE PROOF OF HIS DEATH, WITHIN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS.

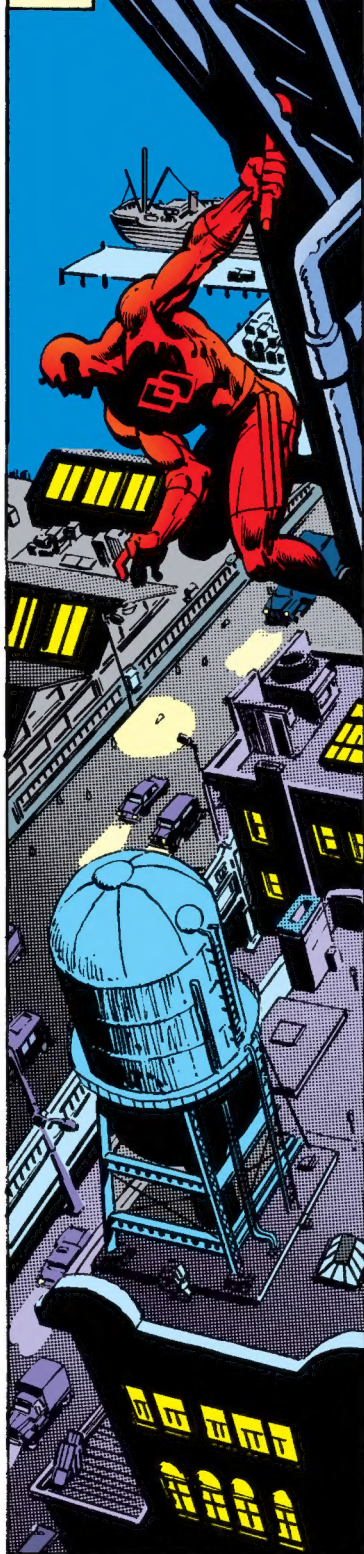




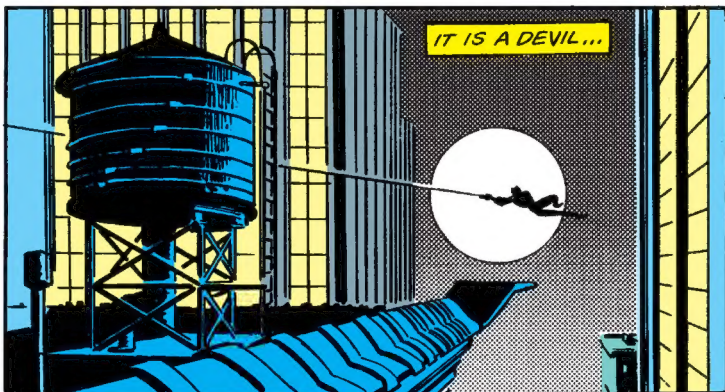




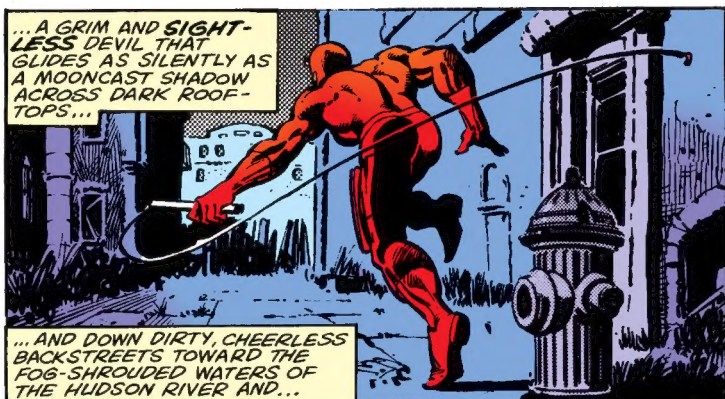
MIDNIGHT. THE WITCHING HOUR.
BUT IT ISN'T A WITCH THAT
PROWL'S HELL'S KITCHEN THIS
NIGHT.



IT IS A DEVIL...



... A GRIM AND SIGHT-
LESS DEVIL THAT
GLIDES AS SILENTLY AS
A MOONCAST SHADOW
ACROSS DARK ROOF-
TOPS...



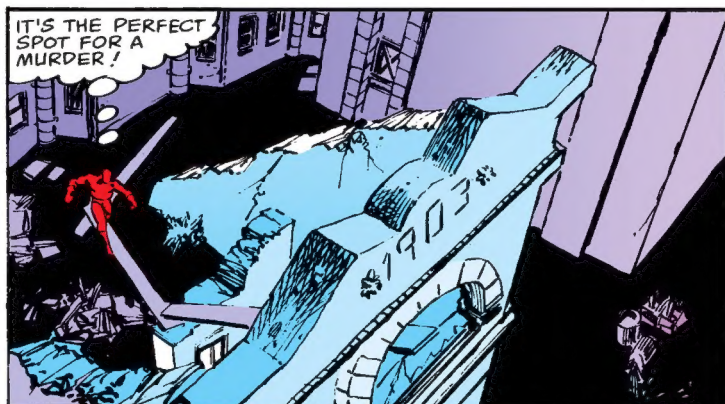
... AND DOWN DIRTY, CHEERLESS
BACKSTREETS TOWARD THE
FOG-SHROUDED WATERS OF
THE HUDSON RIVER AND...



PIER 42--!

I'LL GIVE
SLAUGHTER
CREDIT, HE
COULDN'T
HAVE CHOSEN A
LONELIER OR MORE
FOREBODING
LOCALE!

IT'S THE PERFECT
SPOT FOR A
MURDER!



PAUSE NOW WITH DAREDEVIL, CROUCHED IN THE SHADOWS OF AN OLD, FIRE-GUTTED BROWNSTONE OVERLOOKING THE WATERFRONT. CLOSE YOUR EYES AND LISTEN TO THE MUTED SOUNDS OF THE HARBOR AT NIGHT...

...TO DISTANT SHIPS
MOURNING FITFULLY,
LOST SOMEWHERE
IN THE DARKNESS
AND THE FOG...

...TO THE RELENTLESS SLAP OF BLACK,
BRINY WATER AGAINST ROUGH-HEWN
WOODEN PILINGS AS A LONELY FIGURE
PACES SLOWLY BACK AND FORTH ALONG
PIER 42.

ALL THIS
DAREDEVIL
HEARS...

... AND MORE!



ALL THIS
HE
SENSES...

...AND MORE
BESIDES!

THE UNMISTAKABLE
SCENT OF BURNING
TOBACCO --



...AND FAINTER, THE
BITTER SMELL OF
CORDITE AND GUN-
POWDER!

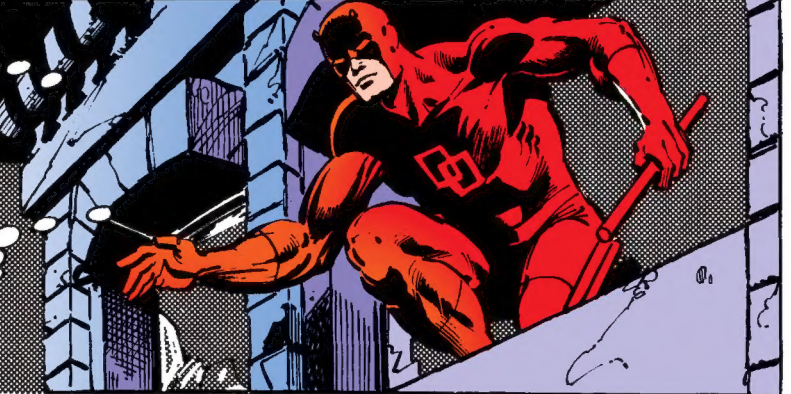


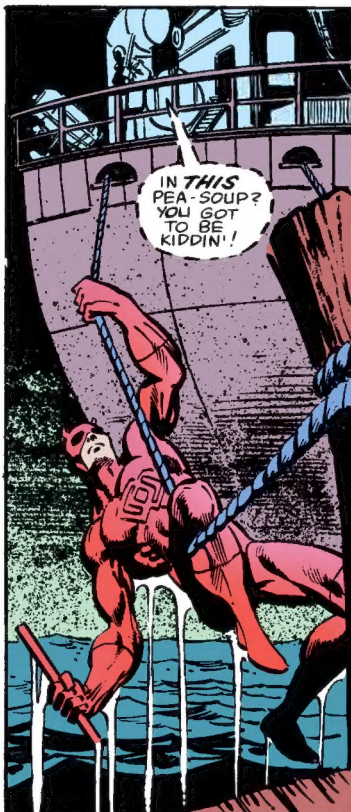
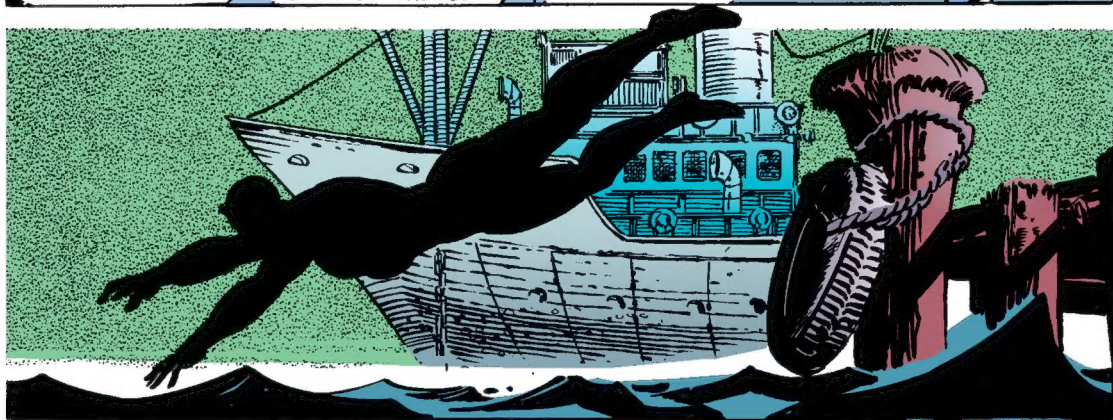
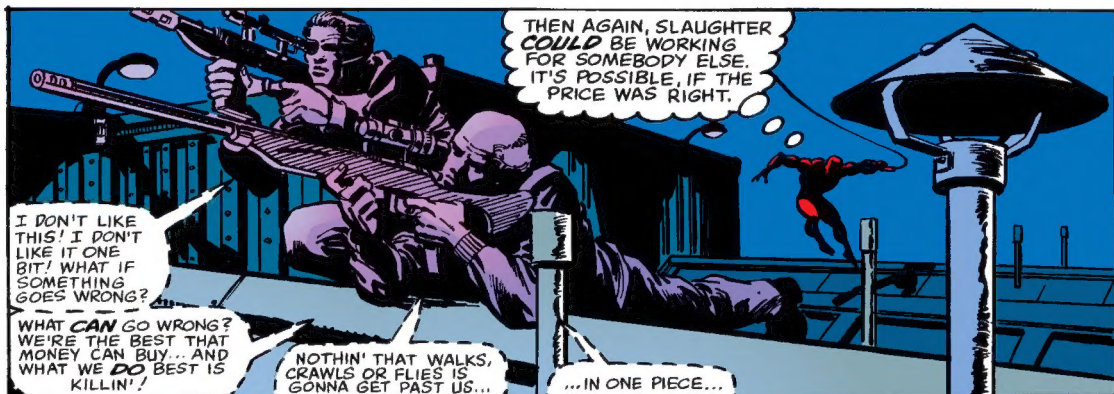
WHERE
IS HE?

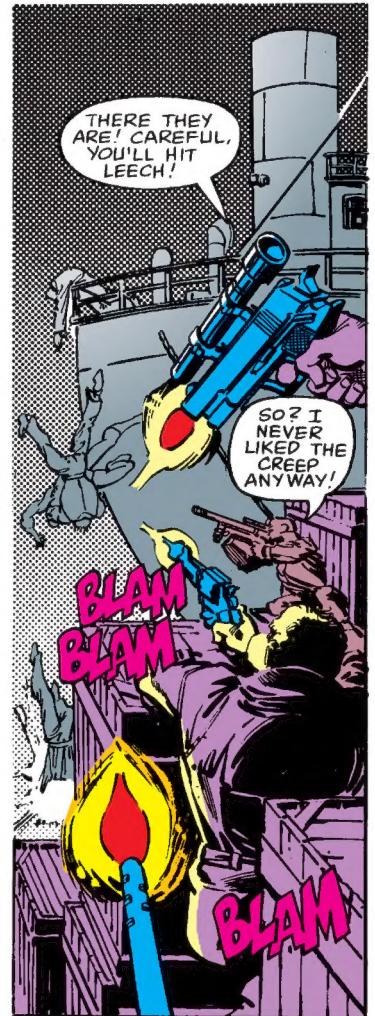
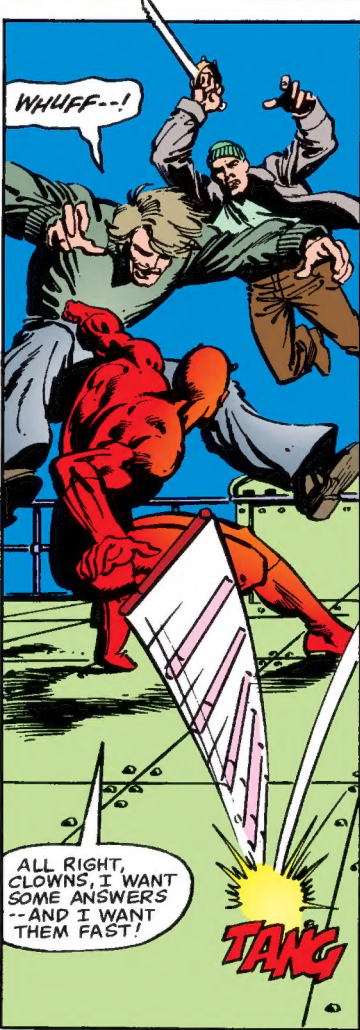
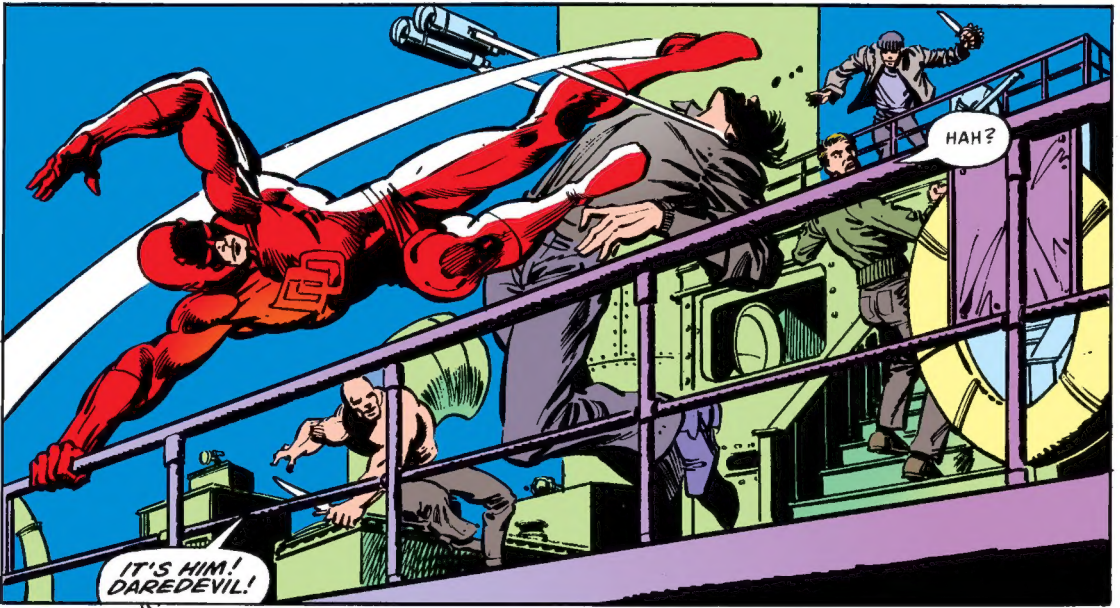


THIS DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.
SLAUGHTER IS AN OLD MAN,
SO WHY RISK COMING OUT
OF RETIREMENT JUST TO
PUT A CONTRACT OUT
ON ME?

WHERE'S
THE PROFIT
IN THAT?

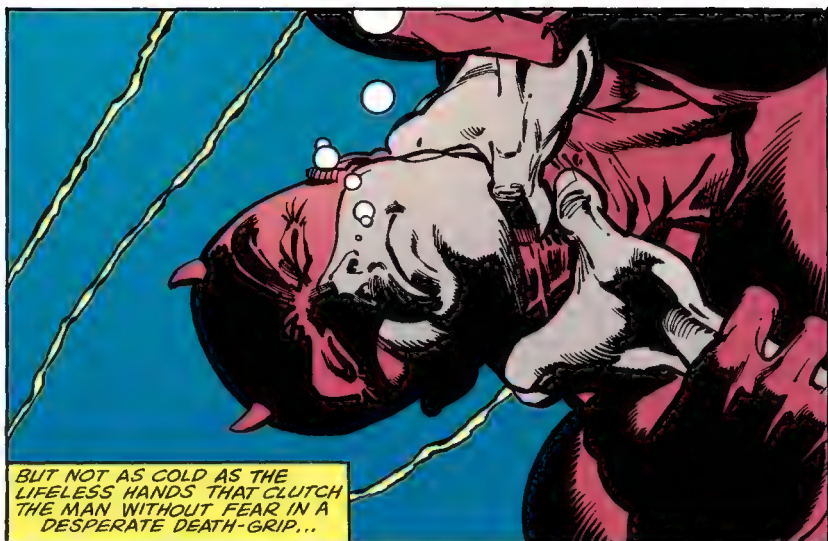








THE DARK, BULLET-
RIDDLED RIVER IS COLD.
AS COLD AS A TOMB.



BUT NOT AS COLD AS THE
LIFELESS HANDS THAT CLUTCH
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR IN A
DESPERATE DEATH-GRIP...



... DRAGGING HIM
DOWN INTO A
WATERY WORLD...



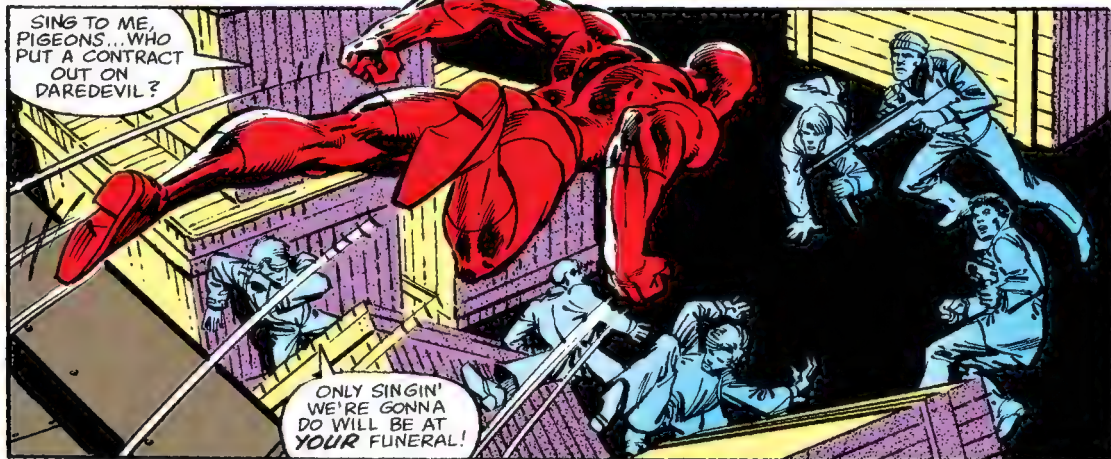
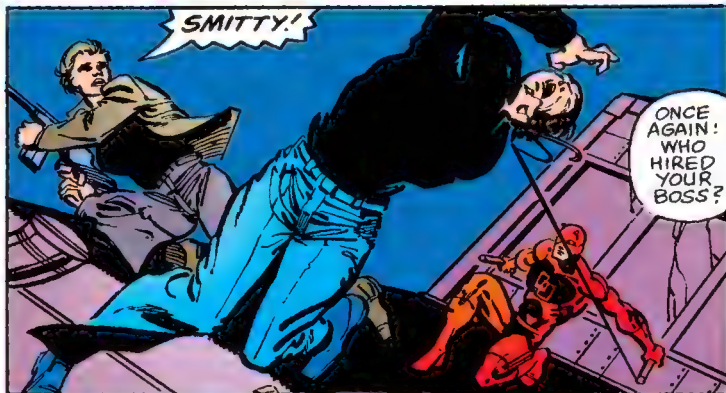
... WHERE LIFE IS
MEASURED NOT
IN YEARS AND
DAYS...

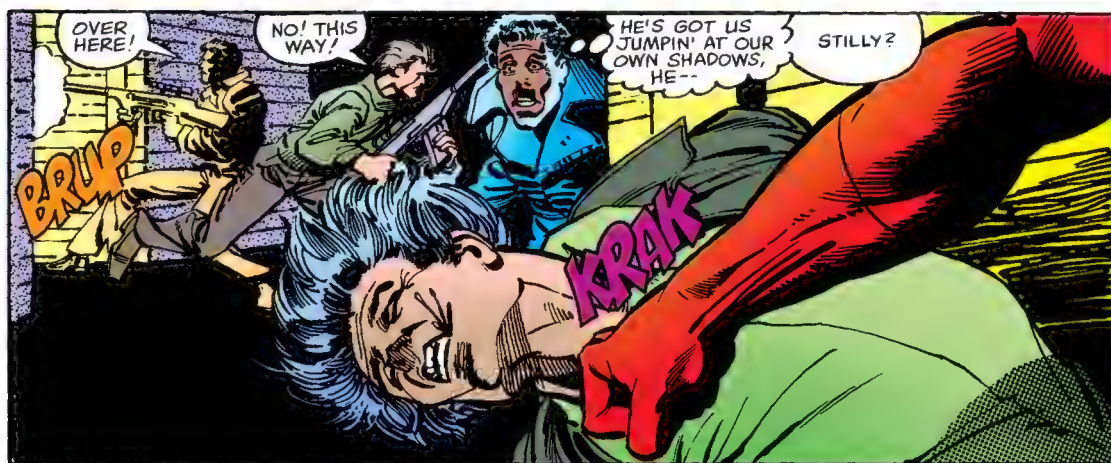
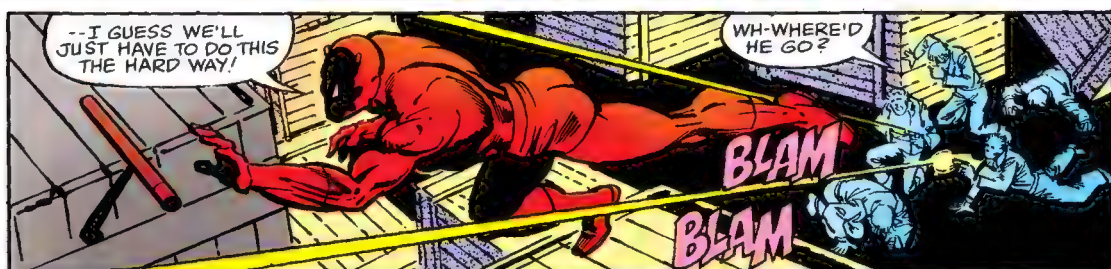


... BUT RATHER
IN MINUTES...

... AND
SECONDS!

AND EITHER A MAN IS
QUICK, OR SURELY HE
IS--





H-HE KNOWS WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO EVEN B-BEFORE WE DO IT! L-LIKE HE CAN READ OUR M-MINDS OR SOMETHIN'!

TAK BOK TAK

NO, I CAN'T! BUT I CAN HEAR YOUR HEARTBEATS... SENSE YOUR SLIGHTEST MOVEMENTS! I MAY BE BLIND, BUT YOU ARE THE ONES WHO CAN NOT SEE!

THAT TAKES CARE OF YOUR PARTNERS, 'TURK', EXCEPT FOR THE DECOY ON THE PIER... AND HE CAN'T HELP YOU NOW!

I WANT ANSWERS, TURK!

N-NO--!

BLAM

S-STAY AWAY FROM ME, DEVIL! I GOT MY O-ORDERS--

CHUDD

BLAM

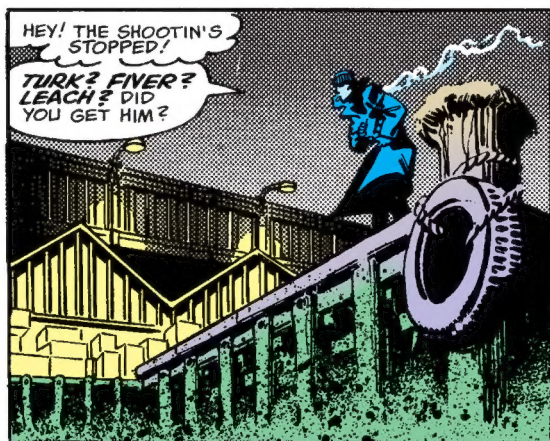
MY EARS!

SUPER-SENSITIVE EARS. EARS THAT CAN NORMALLY HEAR THE FAINTEST WHISPER A BLOCK AWAY...

BUT NOW DAREDEVIL CAN'T EVEN HEAR HIMSELF SCREAMING IN AGONY...

NNNNNNNN!

... HE CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING, AS A MATTER OF FACT...



HEY! THE SHOOTIN'S STOPPED!
TURK? FIVER? LEACH? DID YOU GET HIM?



WHAT'S WITH YOU GUYS, ANYWAY? ANSWER ME! DID YOU--?



y-you.

W-WON'T ANYTHING STOP YOU?



HE WOULD HAVE LIKED TO RUN... THIS MAN WITHOUT FEAR--



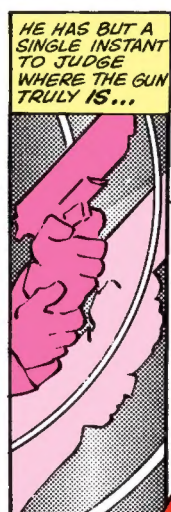
-- TO WAIT UNTIL THE SHARP RINGING IN HIS EARS HAD SUBSIDED.



AND HIS RADAR-SENSE, BLURRED BY PAIN, HAD CLEARED.



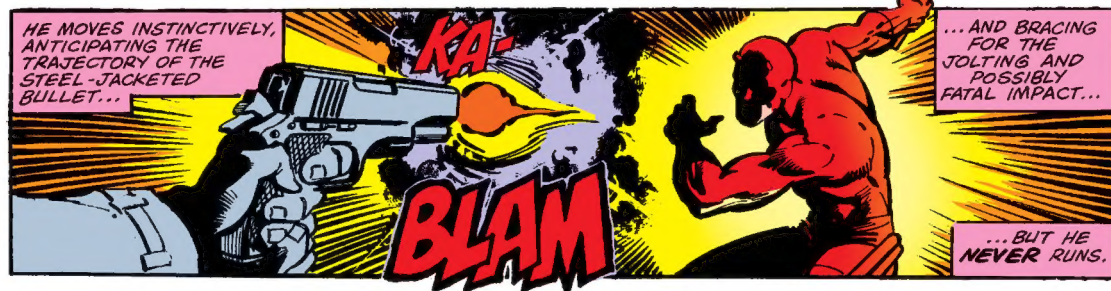
BUT HE DOESN'T RUN... NOT EVEN WHEN HE SENSES THE DOUBLE IMAGE OF THE GUN CLUTCHED IN THE DECOY'S TREMBLING HAND.



HE HAS BUT A SINGLE INSTANT TO JUDGE WHERE THE GUN TRULY IS...



...AND IF HE HAS CHOSEN WRONG, HE HAS CHOSEN DEATH.



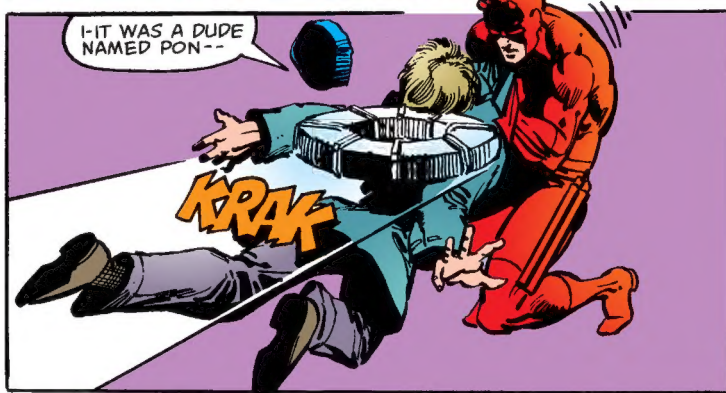
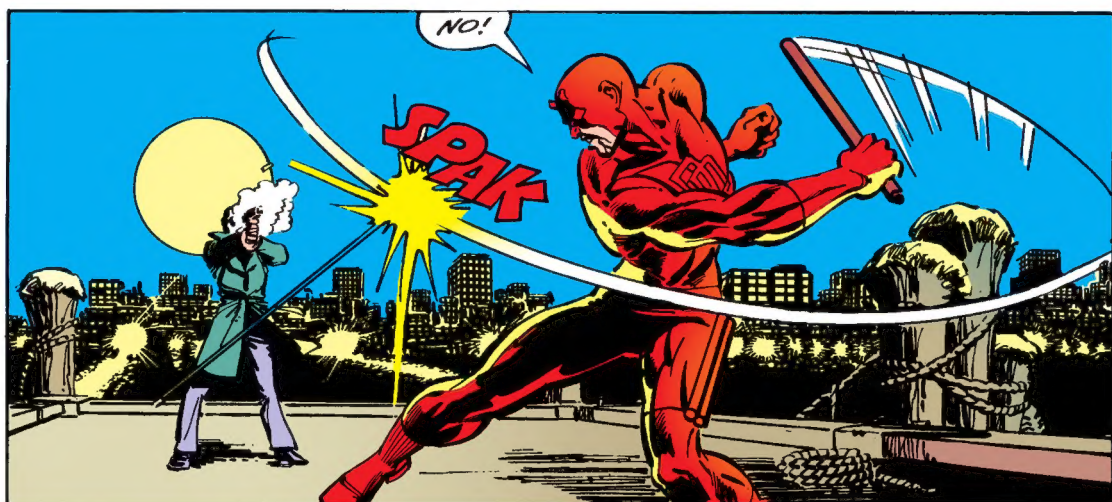
HE MOVES INSTINCTIVELY, ANTICIPATING THE TRAJECTORY OF THE STEEL-JACKETED BULLET...

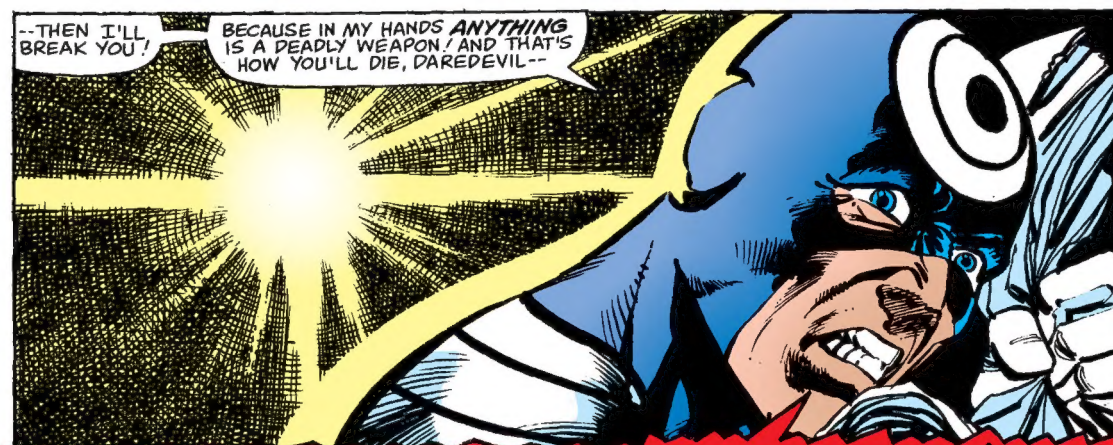
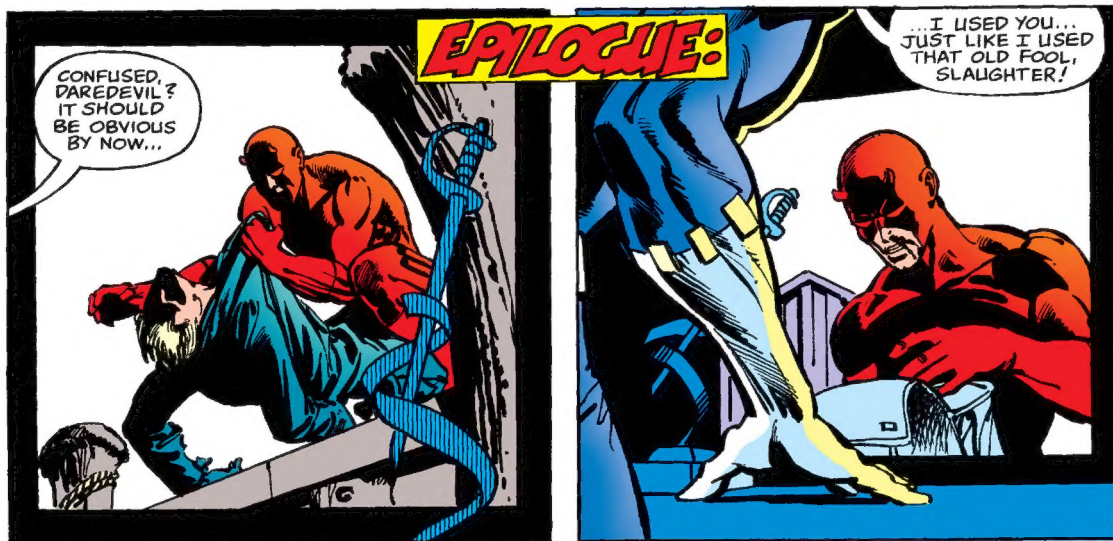
KA-

BLAM

...AND BRACING FOR THE JOLTING AND POSSIBLY FATAL IMPACT...

...BUT HE NEVER RUNS.

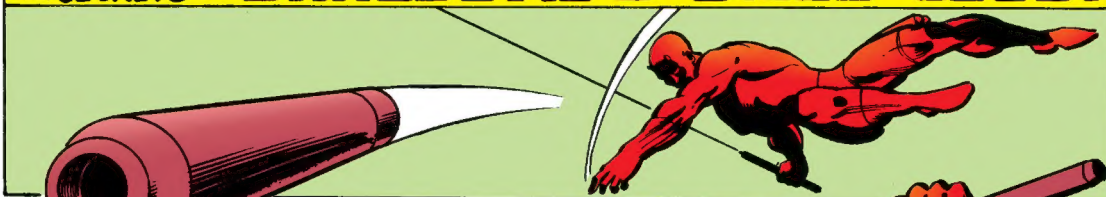




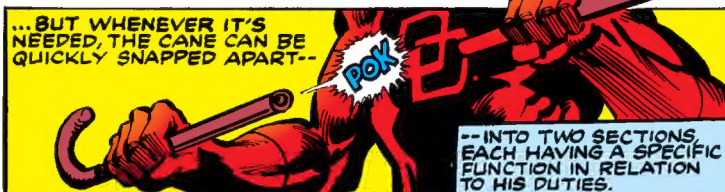
-IN THE HANDS OF BULLSEYE!

PRESENTING A MIGHTY
MARVEL BONUS PAGE--
THE **SECRETS** OF

DAREDEVIL'S BILLY CLUB!



IN DAY TO DAY
LIFE, DD'S
FAMOUS BILLY
CLUB IS
DISGUISED AS
A BLIND MAN'S
CANE...



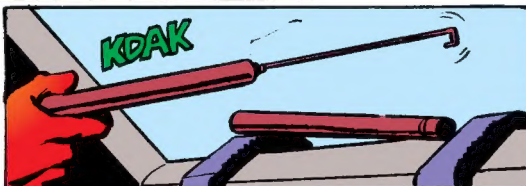
...BUT WHENEVER IT'S
NEEDED, THE CANE CAN BE
QUICKLY SNAPPED APART--

-- INTO TWO SECTIONS,
EACH HAVING A SPECIFIC
FUNCTION IN RELATION
TO HIS DUTIES.



THE FIRST SECTION
CONTAINS A SPRING-
RELEASE MECHANISM,
WHICH INSTANTLY
STRAIGHTENS THE
CURVED CANE
HANDLE AT THE
TOUCH OF A
SINGLE STUD.

A SECOND TAP OF
THE STUD EX-
TENDS A LENGTH
OF CABLE FROM
WITHIN THE
HANDLE, TO FORM
A RETRACTABLE,
HOOK-CATCHING
HOOK.



THIS HOOK-AND-
CABLE DEVICE
ENABLES D.D.
TO SWING
ACROSS DIS-
TANCES TOO
GREAT FOR
HIM TO LEAP.

THE STRAIGHTENED CANE HANDLE
CAN REVERT TO ITS CURVED
SHAPE WHEN HORNHEAD NEEDS
TO HOLD ONTO A LEDGE OR
CARRY ADDED WEIGHT.



THE REMAINING SECTION OF THE
BILLY CLUB/CANE IS A SUPERBLY
BALANCED PIECE OF STEEL-RE-
INFORCED WOOD THAT DD THROWS
WITH CONSUMMATE SKILL.



DD'S COSTUME
FEATURES A
LEG-HOLSTER, IN
WHICH HE STORES
BOTH SECTIONS
OF THIS ELEGANT
WEAPON.